

HERBERT MORDAUNT. DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS. VERMONT SKETCH.
THE YOUNG MEMBER. WHAT IS DUTY.

78.

HERBERT MORDAUNT.

BY GEORGE HAYDE.

Skill, or prudence in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages, will compel favor and patronage, even where it is held from prejudice or ignorance.

— Scott's Antiquary.

"Well, Herbert, I have seen Mr. Baldwin this morning,. and he says that one of his students has lately qualified, and he shall expect you in a few days to supply the vacancy" said Mr. Mordaunt, one of the most opulent citizens of New York to his son, a young man about twenty years of age, who sat twirling a light summer hat on his hand with an air of negligence, that evinced how utterly indifferent he was, to the princely display of wealth around him.

"If such are his expectations, I must say that he will be sadly disappointed" said Herbert Mordaunt.

"You will have a delightful time of it, as there will be five students besides yourself, all of them sons of the wealthiest men in the city,"pursued Mr. Mordaunt, seemingly inattentive to the reply of his son.

"I doubt not, that I should And their companionship highly agreeable, nevertheless I must debar myself of that pleasure.; for (although k sorely afflicts me to thwart your wishes) a professional man I can never be!"

"Why, what particular objections can you have, to being esteemed one of so numerous and respectable a class of men—a class for whom your brother Felix there, Whom the ladies already begin to recognise as Dr. Mordaunt, has ever shown such a decided preference?" said Mr. Mordaunt, pointing to a sofa, on the side of which rested an extremely delicate hand, which an observer could scarcely have failed mistaking for that of one of the gentler sex, had not a side-long glance at the person's stolid features, as he lay supine on the elastic couch, proved him to have been the beau ideal of a whiskered dandy. „

"Simply because my calling leads me another way,"replied Herbert Mordaunt.

"Then it is not on account of any prejudice against the profession?"

"No, sir! for had I a turn that way, I would not hesitate to study a profession."

"Ah, well! doubtless then you will waive this frivolous objection in consideration of a life of ease, and a yearly income of five thousand dollars—come, that's a temptation not easily to be got over—only reflect on it now, five thousand a year."

"Never!" said Herbert Mordaunt firmly, yet respectfully ; "for Was I to engage in a profession from which I could derive no pleasure, I should become, instead of a useful member, a drone to that community, in which an all-wise Providence has allotted us our respective i stations."

"And pray what may be this vocation, for which you would exchange a professional life, and the many advantages attendant upon it?" asked Mr. Mordaunt.

"The cabinet-making business, for which you must be aware I have ever, even from childhood, evinced a considerable talent."

"Great God! and shall it be said that a child of mine is a mechanic? that one of my family earns a livelihood by the sweat of his brow! No—no! sooner would I see him hugged in the cold embrace of death !"

"What! a mechanic, Herbert? oh! fie, fie for shame!" shrieked the horror-stricken Mrs. Mordaunt—whilst the lip of the supercilious student of medicine, curled with a bitter sneer of contempt.

"Why this inveteracy against the mechanics, father? Is it not among them we find the brightest gems of society? Are they not the pillars, on which rests that magnificent edifice—our Republic?" said Herbert Mordaunt, who seemed less likely to yield to the united efforts of his parents, to banish from his mind the idea of becoming a mechanic, than resolutely to combat them.

"Marry, you are truly eloquent in praise Of these ignorant and unpolished beings—a class with whom no one of standing should associate, and whose ranks, give the penitentiary but its due,' would be reduced to one half their number."

A flush of indignation passed over the countenance of Herbert Mordaunt, and his eyes sparkled with more than their wonted brilliancy; but he suppressed the tart reply that rose to his lips, and said in a deferential tone—

"The trades, I expect, like the professions, are not without their unprincipled members; but I shall endeavor to avoid these, and keep company with the

more honest ones."

"Ah! Herbert! little did I imagine when I was expending hundreds, aye, thousands in educating you, that I should be thus recompensed."

"I am aware, father, that there is a heavy debt due you on that score, and sincerely hope (however improbable it may at present seem) that circumstances will enable me at some future period to discharge it."

"Come, come, Herbert! do away with this foolish idea of yours, and go down to Mr. Baldwin's this evening, and inform him that you will be prepared in a week or ten days, at farthest, to commence your studies— otherwise I shall be compelled to annul my will, (which you know I have by me,) and cut you off without a dollar" said Mr. Mordaunt, who thought his son's reply savoured somewhat of relenting.

"Touching a professional life it is needless for me to speak, as you already know my mind on that point, and as to your fortune I ask not a farthing of it; for I am convinced, if I have not overrated my abilities, that I shall be able to maintain myself in competent independence."

"And you still persist in the determination of becoming a cabinet-maker?"

"Yes, sir."

The violent passions which had been long gathering within, now burst forthwith the uncurbed vehemence of a tornado, and striking the centre-table with a force that threatened to shiver it to fragments, Mr. Mordaunt exclaimed—

"Then, by heavens ! you shall seek a home elsewhere, for I henceforward renounce you—Begone, and forget that you have a parent in existence!"

Too thoroughly acquainted with his father's fiery temperament, not to know that further delay would but engender harsher words, and excite to a higher pitch his ungovernable rage, Herbert Mordaunt rose from his seat and advanced to receive the parting embrace of Mrs. Mordaunt; but she—she who had watched over his infancy with all the tender solicitude which a mother can possibly feel for her offspring—allowing the false pride of the world to gain the mastery over maternal feelings, waved him off, and pointed significantly to the door. Finding now the entire household highly incensed against him, because of the resolution he had formed to follow a vocation, for which he felt an inward conviction, he possessed a fine natural talent, Herbert Mordaunt dashed away the tear that glistened on his eyelash, and left his father's home in silence and in sorrow.

Notwithstanding he had been cradled in the lap of affluence, Herbert Mordaunt happily had not imbibed those little prejudices, which parents of the wealthier order—by ridiculing the awkward manner and inaccuracy of speech of the poorer class, under color of training their children in the rules of gentility—but too often manage to instil into their minds, and which eventually embitter their feelings, and bring them to look with aversion upon a mechanic, however meritorious he might be. Thrown on his own resources, to shape a course for himself through the world, Herbert Mordaunt no sooner found himself in the street, than he bent his steps toward Mr. Daley's, a skilful cabinet-maker, in whose shop his latent genius had first developed itself, when, while yet a mere child, he was in the habit of stealing off from his comrades, to bend with all the intenseness of soul over such articles as the good-natured journeymen would place in his hands, to quiet his importunities, and reward his seeming industry. Arrived at Mr. Daley's, he engaged to serve a three-years' apprenticeship under him, and in accordance with that worthy gentleman's wishes, immediately entered upon the duties of his occupation. Thus in the space of a few hours was Herbert Mordaunt transformed from a dashing young gallant, apparelled in the height of the fashion, to a cabinet-maker's sober apprentice, decked in the coarse habiliments of the laboring class.

So rapid was Herbert Mordaunt's progress, that at the expiration of six months, he far excelled every apprentice in the shop, and yielded the palm to the journeymen only in the nicest and more difficult branches of the trade. Stimulated by his extraordinary advancement, which far exceeded what his most sanguine hopes had led him to anticipate, he now applied himself with renewed ardor, and at the end of a twelvemonth was accounted the best workman in the shop.

Daley's work now began to acquire a much higher reputation than it heretofore ever had, and ere another six months rolled round, was sought after with avidity by the whole city. Orders without number for sideboards, scrutoires, ottomans, sofas, and numerous other etceteras of a similar nature, poured into the shop. To meet this flood of custom, all Herbert Mordaunt's energy was called into active operation; and from early dawn till long after the whole city had sunk to repose at night, he sedulously toiled at his bench. Nothing that skill or assiduity could accomplish, was left undone. These disinterested exertions to advantage his welfare, did not pass unheeded by the kind-hearted Mr. Daley, for when two years had passed away, he generously released Herbert Mordaunt from the remainder of his apprenticeship, and offered to take him in as a partner; but this he declined, proposing to retire to one of the flourishing inland towns in that state, where he set up business on his own footing.

In the populous town which he had pitched upon, as the place of his future abode, Herbert Mordaunt's honest countenance and frank manners won the good-will of the public, and he had soon work sufficient in his shop to keep him steadily engaged. Every mouth was loud in praise of the extraordinary young artificer; the men spoke of his exemplary habits and close application to business, and the ladies (who are invariably more zealous than the other sex, in whatever they undertake) vowed they would each order a toilet, a work stand, or some such article, were it but for the sake of getting a look at his handsome face—whilst his exquisite workmanship was a source of

admiration for all.

In a little time his custom increased so rapidly that he was forced to employ several journeymen to assist him in his labors, and even then it was with much difficulty he could satisfy the eager demand of the people for his work. The second year, the fame of his skill having been trumpeted abroad, he did a still more extensive business; and was now acknowledged by all to be decidedly the most steady, diligent, and skilful mechanic in the town, and one not likely to squander the fortune which he was evidently realising. It was the third year after Herbert Mordaunt had left his native city, to seek a home among strangers, that Mr. Allenwood, one among the most respectable men in the town, called at his shop to purchase a workstand for his niece, a sweet auburn haired girl, who leant fondly upon his arm. No sooner had Herbert Mordaunt encountered the mild glance of the latter; than the quenchless fire of love was kindled within his bosom. Yes, reader, Herbert Mordaunt was fascinated with the playful smile and damask cheek of a girl, Whom he had then, for the first time seen. His heart thrilled with emotions hitherto unknown to it, as he stole timid glances at her countenance, in the artless expression"of which, innocence and intelligence seemed struggling for the mastery. It seemed as if he could not sufficiently admire her bright laughing eyes, and he was convinced, as he watched her graceful attitudes, -as she stood admiring the- elegance of the different objects around her, that he had never, beheld half so perfect a form as that of the beautiful and accomplished Theresa Allenwood.

Before leaving the shop Mr. Allenwood, whose keen perception could detect under the garb of a mechanic, the bearing of a gentleman, gave Herbert Mordaunt a kind and pressing invitation to visit him, which he assured him he would not fail to do., A few days afterward he accordingly called upon Mr. Allenwood, who occupied a neat yet small dwelling on the suburbs of the town; for his income—although it yielded a plain, and very comfortable support for himself and niece, enabling them to dress in a style befitting the high station which they filled in society—was too limited to admit of his

taking a larger and more elegant house. Mr. Allenwood he found to be a strong-minded, jovial old bachelor, who had read much, travelled much, and was possessed of a thorough practical knowledge of men and their ways, which he had gained by a long- intercourse with the worlds.

When courteously questioned during his visit by Mr. Allenwood respecting his birth-place and family, Herbert Mordaunt—aware that an attempt at concealment would but create embarrassment on his part, and probably beget unfavorable suspicions in the mind of Mr. Allenwood—'frankly revealed the estrangement that existed between his parents and himself with the circumstances attending it; and was happy to learn that the course he had pursued was highly approved of by him. He also flattered himself by the kindling of Teresa Allenwood's dark and voluptuous eyes, that if she was less forward in expressing it, she was by no means less warm in her approbation thereof than her uncle.

Before two weeks had elapsed, Herbert Mordaunt again called upon Mr. Allenwood, at whose house he became in course of time a constant visiter. The more he knew of Teresa Allenwood, the higher he learnt to appreciate her amiable qualities; every succeeding visit served to bring to light some new and valuable trait in her character, which on the previous one he had judged faultless. The frequency of his visits at length removed, as it were, the screen of reserve—through which her attractions had partially shone—from before her; and she stood forth a blushing, merry-hearted maiden, free from all ill-timed prudery, and with great good-nature, a well cultivated mind, and rich vein of wit, which she was ever ready to apply to a good effect. He was now on terms of great intimacy with her; he read with her, and accompanied her on the piano with his rich, manly voice; and often when Mr. Allenwood was confined to his room with an attack of the gout, a complaint with which he was much afflicted, would call for her on Sundays, and attend her to church. It was on one of these occasions that he poured into her ear his eager tale of love, and wrung from her the acknowledgment that his passion was ardently returned. A few weeks afterward, with the

consent of Mr. Allenwood, they were united.

It was about two years after his marriage that Herbert Mordaunt was seated in a comfortably, and even elegantly furnished room of a private dwelling, situated in the most fashionable part of the town. Opposite him sat his happy Teresa, blooming as ever, but somewhat more staid and matronly; whilst between them on the carpet, lay a lovely chesnut-haired child, which alternately caressed a pet kitten that it hugged closely in its arms, and held up its plump little hands to shield its fair brow from the heat of the fire that blazed cheerfully in the grate; for it was a chill November day, and the wintry wind howled around the corners of the house, and down the chimney-flue.

"Yes, dear! tomorrow we will start for New York, and once there we will not leave till we have brought about the long-desired reconciliation between you and your parents/ 7 said Mrs. Mordaunt, resuming the conversation which had been broken off to observe the playful mood of the child.

"You appear very sanguine, Teresa, but I very much fear that our dearest hopes will be dashed to the ground—that we shall find them inexorable; for once during my apprenticeship I called at their door, but was refused admission; and since my residence here I have repeatedly written to them, but each time have my letters been returned unopened/' replied Herbert Mordaunt

"Surely when they come to hear how well you have prospered at your trade, and once set eyes on our dear little Charley, whom we have called after your father, and whose smiling face will plead eloquently in your behalf, surely then they will not—they cannot refuse to receive you again into favor" said the artless Mrs. Mordaunt

"I sincerely hope it may be so, Teresa, but nevertheless I have my misgivings."

"Your mother, at least whose enviable disposition I have so often heard you speak of in such commendatory terms, would receive you with open arras after so long an absence"

"She was actuated by the impulse of the moment and very likely would gladly welcome me back; but my father is of too proud and stubborn a nature easily to retract when once he has—"

They were here interrupted by a black waiter, who made his entrance saying—"Massa! berry old gemmen at de door supplicate de ams."

"Eh? Bob! a gentleman beggar!"enquired Herbert Mordaunt, aware of his waiter's usual antipathy to that class of people.

"Sartin, Sir! he be not one o' de vulgar class o' beggin fokes!"

"Well, Bob! show him into the front-room, and let him know that I will attend him in a few minutes; for his wants must be very urgent to drive him abroad in such weather as this."

"Yes, Massa!" said Bob, leaving the room to do his master's bidding.

After brushing his hair, and adjusting his cravat, Herbert Mordaunt proceeded to the front room, which he had no sooner entered, than exclaiming "Oh, God ! it is my father!"he sprang forward and caught the old man in his arms; and both father and son losing the power of utterance in the joy of the meeting, stood silently locked in each other's embrace. As soon as the first burst of feelings had subsided, Mr. Mordaunt extended his hand to his son, said—"Farewell! my boy, my much injured boy ; for the father that dealt so harshly with you, now suffers his just punishment, and must go sorrowing on his way till the brief space, which intervenes between him and the grave, shall have been completed!"

"Oh! no—no, father, this can never be! you must not leave us! stay with us and all that comforts or attention can do, you shall have" said Herbert Mordaunt; and he was warmly seconded by the tears and entreaties of Mrs Mordaunt, whom the unusual noise and sudden exclamation of her husband had now brought into the room.

"Well, Herbert! if you and this kind, forgiving angel," drawing Mrs. Mordaunt, who held him by the hand, to his bosom, "will have it so, then I must tarry with you; but little did I expect that the child whom I turned from my door on account of his determination of being a mechanic, would become the stay and consoler of my old age, whilst my professional son, whom I pampered with high notions of family dignity, and whose every wish I indulged, reduced me to beggary!" said Mr. Mordaunt, and the big drops coursed down his cheeks, on which time and care had made sad impressions.

As soon as Mr. Mordaunt had regained sufficient self- command, and was snugly seated by the fire, with little Charley on his knee, he related the history of his misfortunes, which was briefly as follows:—

For the first two years after he had turned Herbert Mordaunt from his house, his affairs had gone on prosperously and his son Felix was all that his heart could have wished him. His brilliant talents were a theme of conversation for more than one fireside-circle, and he was generally looked upon by all as a young man destined, at some future day, to fill a lofty station in the world; but alas! the germ of self-will had been too early engrafted in the young sapling for it ever to become a stately monarch of the forest! At the end of two years strange and painful rumors of his profligacy and dissipated habits began to be afloat, and his repeated demands for money served to confirm them. Mr. Mordaunt took him to task, and censured him for his conduct—not with the sternness of decision and severe tone of authority which it behoves a parent to assume, when

reprimanding a child for misconduct, but in a lenient manner that tended rather to hasten than to check his progress along the high-road to ruin. The tone of popular sentiment was now changed, and Dr. Mordaunt was no longer spoken of as the young man of splendid capacity and great promise, but as the abandoned profligate, the frequenter of tippling-houses, and the companion of vicious and unprincipled gamblers! His former comrades now shunned him as they would a viper, but he heeded it not; for vice and debauchery had blunted the keen edge of pride—he was completely dead to all sense of shame and honor—every generous and noble impulse was paralysed within him. His demands for money, to squander in scenes of vice and reckless dissipation, became at length so frequent and for such heavy amounts, that Mr. Mordaunt was awakened to an alarming consciousness of the rapidity with which his fortune was being reduced, and forced, though reluctantly, to deny him all further supplies. The parents were now to experience a severe retribution for the forbearance they had exercised in the tutoring of their child ! for when Dr. Mordaunt felt the restraint imposed upon his licentious passions which hitherto had been permitted to pursue their wild and reckless race unchecked, he immediately forged a check, and drew every dollar of the old man's fortune from the bank, in which he had deposited it. The same evening he embarked for England, but the packet ship in which he had taken passage was never heard of. She must have foundered at sea, and every soul on board perished!

Being deprived of their favorite child, Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt were struck with a sudden consciousness of their cruel treatment to their younger son, and would have sought him out and asked his forgiveness; but they knew not where to find him, for the postmaster whom Mr. Mordaunt had directed always to return his son's letters, as soon as they arrived, had left the city, and gone ho knew not whither. Abandoning all hope of ever again beholding their discarded son, they took a room in an obscure part of the city, where they continued for some months to eke out a miserable existence, subsisting upon the pittance that remained to them from the sale of their splendid house and furniture, which their necessities had compelled them to dispose

of under the hammer. Oppressed by grief and misfortune, Mrs. Mordaunt in a short time sank into the grave, penitently imploring the forgiveness of Heaven for her unnatural conduct toward her son.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Mordaunt was forced either to beg for a support or to become an inmate of the alms-house; but too proud to receive charity at the hands of those whom he had once considered his inferiors, and too prejudiced to become the latter, he left the scene of his former glory, and with the aid of a few dollars which he had scraped together, reached the town where Herbert Mordaunt resided. Having arrived the evening before, he had that morning set out fully determined to attempt the lowly employment of a mendicant as the means of gaining a livelihood; and fortunately the first door at which he had summoned resolution enough to stop was that of the child whom he had renounced. Having concluded his narrative, the old man again gave vent to the overpowering tumult of his feelings in a violent flood of tears. Herbert Mordaunt detained his father with him during the remainder of his life; and no one to have seen him administering to his wants, and endeavoring by every possible care and tenderness to soften the winter of his days, would have supposed that he had once been driven from that father's door, a friendless outcast on the world.



83.

THE BRIDAL EVE.

By HARRIET BOWLES.

CHAPTER I.

What a magnificent nuptial present!" exclaimed Mrs. Uenton to her

daughter, as, on entering the chamber of the latter, at Saratoga, they discovered a costly diamond necklace, with a perfumed note accompanying it, "Mr, Wallingford is indeed all that is generous and noble!"

The daughter's cheek became tinged with crimson, though a smile rose to her lip as she contemplated her lover's costly gift. At that moment her heart was torn by contending emotions; but alas! she knew that she could find no sympathy in her distress from her parent.

Mrs. Benton was a widow, with no child but her beautiful daughter. Aspiring, vain, and mercenary, she resolved that Isabel should make a brilliant match, and for this purpose the mother had brought her daughter to the springs, where her loveliness soon rendered Miss Benton the belle of the season. Her charms had conquered among others the millionaire of the year, a middle aged retired merchant; and, in obedience to her mother's explicit commands, was, on the ensuing day, to become the bride of Mr. Wallingford.

But Isabel, though feeling it to be her duty to obey her parent, could not submit to this doom without many and painful struggles. A year before she had met and loved a young painter, when on a visit to a friend in the country; and though they had not met for many months, his memory was still fresh in her heart, and she felt that though she might wed the wealthy Mr. Wallingford, she could never give him the affection she had already bestowed on the poor artist. As the day appointed for her union approached, her feelings became more and more acute, until now she could have flung herself at her mother's feet and begged to be released from her engagement, only that she knew her parent would prove inexorable.

"Alas!" thought Isabel, as her mother left the apartment, "there is no escape for me from this hateful alliance. And yet Mr. Wallingford is all that is noble and generous—yet—yet I cannot love him. Oh! Henry," she exclaimed, apostrophizing her absent lover, "would that you were here. But what do I

say? For months he has not written to me, and alas! I cannot conceal from myself that I am forgotten. No, it is sinful in me thus to think of one who has deserted me. Oh! that ever he could forget those dear, dear moments when we walked together under the old avenue, while the moon simmered down through the leaves, and our hearts beat in unison with the music of all nature around us. Oh! Henry, dear Henry,"and she clasped her hands, "that ever you should forget those hours."

"Nor have I forgotten them, dear Isabel!"exclaimed a voice beside her, that thrilled every nerve with ecstasy, and looking around she perceived her lover, who had entered the little parlor unperceived.

We will not describe the thousand things that were said at this meeting. Suffice it to say, they were like all lovers' protestations. But the explanation of Henry must be laid before our readers, though a in more succinct, and less broken manner, than he gave it. His tale, however, even as told by himself, was short. He had written, according to promise, to Isabel, but received no answer. A gain and again he had written, but always with the like success, until at length his pride forbade him to write again. But his love had survived notwithstanding the apparent coldness of Isabel, and having incidentally heard that she was at the Springs, he had resolved to see her, and learn the worst.

"Then it was your mother that intercepted your letters" said Henry, when Isabel had, in turn, narrated her story—"and this marriage—oh! Isabel, dear Isabel, can you sacrifice yourself 1"

What need to tell the result. Love ever triumphs, and it was arranged that, that night, Isabel should elope with her lover.

CHAPTER II.

It was between the hours of two and three o'clock on the same night, that

Isabel, who could not think of sleeping, stole into the little private parlor, that was adjoining to the chamber of her mother, and not far from the apartment occupied by Mr. Wallingford. The position of this parlor rendered it one from which a nocturnal flight was not only possible, but easy, for in this parlor there was a window out of which you could with ease step into the garden, and at the end of that garden was one of the leading streets of the town.

Isabel was seated at a table on which there was a small lamp and a tiny watch. The hands of that tiny watch seemed to her to be almost fixed, or to move as if . nothing could induce them to go on to the hour of appointment. At first Isabel awaited the hour of rendezvous without hesitation, and without trembling; but when it was approaching to the hour for the given signal with her lover, her duty to her parent recurred to her, and she hesitated.. Affection for her mother—for Mrs. Benton was still her mother—struggled long with her promise to her lover. At length she said,

"No, I cannot fly. My mother! harsh though you may be, I cannot cost you a tear. I will write a note for Henry, telling him I cannot keep my promise with him, and to-morrow I will throw myself at my mother's feet and confess all. She will, she must relent."

Accordingly she took up a pen, and hastily wrote a few lines to her lover, at every word blotting the paper with her tears. At length exhausted by her emotions

she leant back on the sofa to indulge in a fit of weeping. Long she wept, but finally nature attained the mastery, and like a child, worn out by grief, she sank insensibly to sleep.

The dawn was just beginning to break when Mr. Wallingford, who chanced to be an early riser, passing down the corridor, perceived the door of Mrs. Benton's parlor ajar, with Isabel apparently unconscious on the sofa.

Alarmed at the sight, he entered; but finding that Miss Benton was only asleep, he would have withdrawn, when his eye was attracted by his own name in the unfinished note on the table, and led by an ungovernable curiosity he read as follows:—

"It is the will of my unhappy destiny, combined with the desire of my mother. I must never see you again —never more listen to you; never—but why utter the word? Tomorrow I become the wife of Mr. Wallingford ; fly, then, from my sight—it is a sacrifice that I appeal to your honor to make—"

"Who can this gentleman be? Who is this mysterious lover of whom I have never heard? Alas! I fondly dreamed, Isabel, that you loved me, but I see now that I have been deceived and that your mother is, perhaps, forcing you into a union you ab—"

His words were cut short by a footfall. It was Henry leaping into the window, and Wallingford looked around. The rivals gazed at each other an instant, nor will we attempt to describe their feelings when they found that they were father and son. Their exclamations of astonishment awoke Isabel, who fainted, while, at the same instant, her mother appeared on the scene. The insensible girl was borne from the room, and then the young man, flinging himself at his father's feet, exclaimed,

"My father—my father! I am innocent, pardon me."

"Rise, Sir" said Mr. Wallingford, "I am no longer your father. I am your accuser, and your judge. Why have you come to Saratoga?"

"It was absolutely necessary for me to do so. Honor compelled me to come and see one who—is very dear to me.

"Very well; but then you choose to pay your visits to this very dear person at moments that are very equivocal —at three o'clock in the morning, for

instance."

"Father, since you know all, why do you thus question me? Why thus interrogate me?"

"Because it is my desire to know the most minute details of your love for Miss Isabel Benton."

"And wherefore?"

"Because she ought to be my wife, and not yours."

"Then, Sir, you must know, that it is about six months ago, in a stroll through the Susquehanna county, whither I went as an artist, and under an assumed name, I met this young lady. Why tell the result! We loved. I did not reveal my real name, for I wished to be loved for myself, and not as the son of the rich Mr. Wallingford. She promised to be mine ere parting; and we were to write to each other. But our letters were intercepted, and deeming she had proved false to me, I resolved to forget her, until last week, when hearing incidentally from a friend here, that she was to be married—though he did not say to whom—my agony drove me hither, to see Isabel, reproach her for her perfidy, and bid her an eternal farewell. Oh! my father had I known all, I would have suffered any thing, rather than have come hither."

"Henry!" said the father, wiping away a tear, M you have conquered. The love of one like me cannot be such as that a young man feels. The sacrifice will be less to me than to you. Take her, and God bless you."

The son fell on his father's shoulder and weeping, would have refused the boon, but Mr. Wallingford was inexorable, nor would he suffer the ceremony to be delayed more than a day—the ample settlement he made on his son fully reconciling Mrs. Benton to the match.

The wave which commences in the distance, and swells as it approaches the shore, may be compared to the secret desire of the heart which begins silently and softly, but becomes at last irresistible.



85.

DISTINGUISHED STRANGERS.

VERMONT SKETCH.

By GERTRUDE GARLAND.

"I thought I would just come in and tell you the news! Mrs. Branch!" said the good-natured Mrs. Thomas, the buxom landlady of "The Lion," as she entered the apartment of one of her boarders—her cheeks glowing like the embers, from which, ten minutes before, she had taken the smoking beef-steak—her eyes brighter than her own radiant brittania coffee-pot, and her tongue ready to be as social as the chatty sausages she had been preparing for the table, "I thought I would just drop in and tell you the news!"

"News! news! Mrs. Thomas, indeed, and what is it?" was the quick response of her friend. Now news was a great treat to Mrs. Branch, in common with all the inhabitants of Laurelvile. Enclosed on all sides by the Green Mountains—hill rising above hill, with their gently rounded top or rock-capped head, some highly cultivated to their very summit, and others beautiful with wooded sides, and gushing springs, which glancing and dancing in the sunbeams, as they passed over their pebbly beds, gave richness and fertility to their borders, and vied with the songsters of the forest in the sweetness of their music, and adorned with a coronet of

brilliant, each spray and bending leaf their waters refreshed—this little town lay almost hidden from the world, and buried in its solitude. The stage-coach passed through it twice a week, its ingress and egress announced by the vigorous and rapid repetition of the first ten notes of "Auld Lang Syne," in as loud and harmonious tones as an excellent tin trumpet could produce, in conjunction with strong lungs, good wind, and a willing mind. It was seldom the conveyance of a passenger who was to remain, but always brought a huge Idathern bag, containing a few newspapers, and sometimes a letter—always made wonderfully secure with its cumbersome lock and chains. The arrival of this stage and mail was the event of every day on which it occurred, for this, and an occasional journey of some of its inhabitants, were all their means of communication with the great world. Yet here lived a community of several hundred men, women and children—who possessed the means of living among themselves—and rejoiced in their inherited fields, and while they labored gave thanks for their freedom and their liberty. A district school for children, who under the guidance of Miss. Prim, shot their first ideas—and an Academy, the preceptorship of which had descended from Deacon Jones to his son, each in their turn made pedagogue by their own wants, and the sovereign will of the people, were the means of giving them a good substantial education, and a taste for reading. This taste was satisfied, but not satiated by a travelling circulating library—the privileges of which were shared equally with all the neighboring villages. It consisted of a huge vehicle, painted bright red, with yellow adornments—a door behind, and a comical shaped sky-light on its top—and might, at first sight, have been mistaken for the pleasure carriage of some mighty beast of the forest, who tired of

"Treading his native wilds and filling vast solitudes with awe!"

had commenced the grand tour of the world, bought his carriage, hired his guide, and was now leisurely taking note of men and manners; much did "the library" resemble the fancy coaches generally appropriated to the accommodation of their visitors. Two little white horses that evidently had

ribs, and were as pale and intellectual looking as the poets of our days—were kept in motion by a long, lank, bony man, with an immense whip, which he used sparingly and with gentleness, preferring to incite them to fresh zeal and energy by continual "haws and gees," and drawings up of his stiff, unshaven lips to an unsightly and laughable pucker, and smacking out, what if it had touched a fair damsel's rosy cheek, would have been a tremendously sonorous kiss. The internal arrangement of this establishment consisted of queer little dark cup-boards and crannies, for the bestowal of novels, romances, and the nicer sort of books, of alcoves and arches for the substantialities of literature, and of shelves and sliding panels for magazines and periodicals, all systematically arranged on the "multum in parvo" principle. To the treasures there concealed each family in Laurelville could have access, and before it had completed its monthly perambulations, have made themselves masters of the knowledge it dropped at their doors; then restoring that to its place with which they had become familiar, dip again into the fount and take fresh draughts from this well of knowledge. With these advantages the people of this little town were well informed, somewhat familiar with other nations and countries—intelligent and substantially educated. They knew more of daily domestic duties than of fashions—more of farming than of high life. Generally satisfied with their regular course of labor and enjoyment, with their home comforts and fire-side enjoyments; had they not yet had a modest inquisitiveness concerning, and an innate fondness for, what they knew so little of, they could hardly as Americans have claimed kindred with us. A piece of news was to them more precious than gold, though that they did not despise—it was the "open sesame" to all ears and hearts, and its possessor had, for the time, a talisman which made him a welcome visitor to all circles, and gave him an honored place at every fire-side. Mrs. Thomas' news was no less than that the English family had arrived, and, that until their house was ready, they would take apartments at "the Lion." In concluding her harangue (the substance of which, we beg her pardon for giving in our own words, as being more concise) as to what Mr. Smithe said, and what Mrs. Smithe wore—as to how the Misses Smithe were quite handsome—as to how young Mr. Smithe was

no better looking, nor quite so good as her Joe—as to the little girl being ten years old, or thereabouts—as to their bringing nine trunks and chests, but mostly chests—and as to their eating breakfast now in the "Paul and Virginia room," (a designation it took from the paper on its walls)— Mrs. Thomas started from her seat, but stopping half way between it and the door, with "one arm akimbo, she exclaimed,

"There's that boll again. Jane must have forgotten them dough-nuts, or else the mince-pie. I do say, folks little knows what an undergoment 't is to keep tavern, says I, to Mr. Thomas last evening, says I, no it wasn't, says he to me, says he, I'm so tired that my bones ache to such a degree, says I, so do mine—and this morning I had a master kind of an aspen trembling—I couldn't get no better of it till I ate my breakfast. Them buckwheats was nice, wasn't they, Miss Branch? I made them with patent yeast—Mr. Thomas says to me, says he, 4 Lucy they be despite nice'—there's that bell again — now I must go and tell Miss Smithe to eat hearty!" Away she went "an hospitable thoughtintent," Their wishes were heard with attention, their wants cheerfully and abundantly supplied; for it was not our good landlady's fault or virtue, to be economical in feeding herself or her boarders, and they parted mutually pleased ; they with her open-handed, free-hearted bountifulness; and she with the inward feeling of "what a comfort 'tis to get up victuals for English folks, they relished them so amazing." While they were discussing their breakfast, Mrs. Thomas just slipped into the other lady-boarders rooms, and in less than an hour had no less than four able fellow laborers in her mission, their common object being to enlighten the little town of Laurelville, as to the arrival of the English family. Let me be employed in the same benevolent manner, and give all the information relative to the Smithes', which was current among the villagers at the time of their arrival.

Two weeks previous to that event, the stage had brought and left a man stout and portly-dressed, in garments, not made exactly after the fashion of those worn in Laurelville, and wrapped in such a quantity of overcoats,

cloaks, comforters and tippets, that who was he I was an undecided query in the minds of the bystanders. Mr. Thomas, as he took his carpet bag into the house, gained all the information that a card attached to it could give, "I. Smithe, Birmingham, England." It was sufficient for himself and his friends, to whom it was immediately communicated for the present. The traveller entered, looked round, called for a glass of brandy, with the usual English oath, so well known on the European continent, and the knowledge of which is so rapidly increasing in our own, drew nearer the fire, warmed his feet, and then remarked with the air and importance of one who speaks truth, that "it was a clever day." His being an Englishman, had so overpowered our worthy host that his only reply was, "well, I guess it is"—and he then threw another arm full of wood on the already heaped fire. This, with a second glass of brandy, seemed to warm the gentleman, for he proceeded to take a sock, a leggin, an over-stocking, first from one moiety of his understanding, then the other—then divesting his outer man, of all superfluous clothing, he stood before them a stout, ruddy little Englishman, dressed in a blue coat and short clothes, a yellow vest, a red silk neckerchief, white long stockings and shoes with shining buckles. The same benign influence which had exhibited itself externally, seemed to have touched the springs of intellectuality: Vermonters and Yankees, in their thirst for knowledge, and their skill in acquiring it—but these were lost upon our traveller, who was so ready to talk under the potent influence of brandy and warmth united, as those around him were to hear. He told them he was an Englishman—that they knew before—that his name was Smithe—that they knew too, only the long £ was a novelty—that he formerly lived in Birmingham—did they know that? Ah! that tale-telling card, that he had for the last year been living in Canada, and had sent his daughters to the States to school; they had become acquainted with a widow Holladay, who owned a farm about half a mile west of Laurelville, she wished to sell it, and he had come to give it a look. He did give it a look, an approving one, and in less than three days, the fact of the Englishman having bought the Holladay farm for three thousand five hundred dollars, house and all, was generally established. He then disappeared, and the excitement of his coming was

dying away, when his re-appearance, with his family, kindled up a new flame from its smouldering ashes, and sent the | incense of gossip into every family.

Any new family coming into a small town is a circumstance, an event, an epoch, but an English family, real "living, live" English, with a rich old man for its head, (he must be rich, or he would have considered longer before he bought the farm; your Vermonters never change three thousand five hundred dollars for any thing, without a six months considering,) a nice elderly lady, for the elderly ladies to visit and drink tea with—with grown up daughters for the young men to flirt with—with a grown up young man for the girls to fall in love with, and a little girl for all to pet and fondle, and be the stepping-stone to an acquaintance with the others—it would have been unnatural had not the people of Laurelville congratulated themselves and each other on this accession to their society. The bar-room of the little public house had many loungers that day; and Mrs. Thomas many calls to answer enquiries and make speculations as to all the incidents, events and circumstances, past, present and future, of the Smithe family, became both her's, and her worthy husband's business and pleasure.

But the sun did not stand still—neither did old Father Time stop in Laurelville to see the "English folks," for the days flew past with the quickened speed which an object of interest, always lends to them—each morning bringing to light some circumstance in the Smithe movements, and each evening bearing full testimony that they had done something that day. If they staid at home people wondered what they could be about, and thought they must be proud to keep so private—if they sallied out, the boys stopped in their game of leap-frog on the green, made their awkward bows, and were then at liberty to stare—girls dropped their little acts of courtesies, with blushing faces, and ran home to Bay . that they had seen the ladies —labor was suspended while they were in sight—the wood-choppers oxo fell and was not raised again—the incessant hammering at the tinmans' ceased—the grocer did not watch the scales and catch the precise moment

when the sugar balanced the weight —the merchants' clerks threw themselves into attitudes —and little cracks in window-shutters, and curtains slightly drawn, testified to female curiosity. But the week passed on, and the inquiry arose "where would the Smithe's go to meeting]"Neither their host or hostess could tell—they had not the trouble of asking, for the Englishman himself came to the bar on Saturday evening to make the proper inquiries.

He heard that the white church was Congregational —that the Baptist had a meeting in the school-house— that the Academy was used by the Methodists, and that once in a month a Catholic priest came from Canada to preach at Mrs. Burbanks, who was a Catholic.

"No Established church then, sir] another glass of your excellent brandy, Mr. Thomas."

"Well, we think the Congregational is pretty well established, sir. Mr. Lovegood has been here nigh upon twenty years,"was the reply Mr. Smithe received.

"Mr. Smithe means no Episcopal Church, Mr. Thomas, no, sir! we have none as yet, but with your efficient aid, I trust, we may have one before long,"chimed in the obsequious lawyer, who was standing near— he was educated at a college, and by common consent was the standard of elegance and knowledge of the village. "I shall be happy to seat yourself and family, sir,"he continued, "and to have you call at my office at any time, sir,"and out came a little fillagree card-case, and in less than no time was a card, with "John Brown, Esq."upon it, thrust in Mr. Smithe's face. The Englishman had not concluded his bows and other demonstrations of thankfulness, when Squire Brown, taking the little card from his hand, bent three of the comers slightly down, and returning it, said, "my compliments to the ladies, sir, I shall be happy to wait upon them, and show them our town, and its public buildings."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," was the reply of Mr. Smithe, as he made as rapid a retreat as if that Englishman's horror, a Frenchman, had been at his heels. His departing footsteps had hardly ceased to be heard as he crossed the yellow painted floor of the entry—when a coarse, good-humored, red faced man, turning to Mr. Brown, said,

"Well, now, Squire, I s'pose you've done just about the completest thing—but I want to ask, what in nater you intended by spoiling your paste-board, and breaking most off them little cat-o-comer pieces!"

"Mr. Colonel Grimes—do you ask what I meant? Why, sir, in polite society, a card so bent, signifies that it is intended for more than one person. Mr. Smithe knew if you did not!"

"Now I like that, Squire," was the reply, "for it must be a great saving of your cards"—and the laugh went round at the lawyers expense, for with all his elegance, the lawyer was one of the scrimping and saving sort of men. Mr. Thomas, ever well disposed, tried to turn the conversation by asking him what buildings he would show the ladies. But Mr. Brown was sulky, and Colonel Grimes again volunteered his opinion.

"He 'll show them the meeting-us, Mr. Thomas, the court-us—the school-us—the big hole old Andrus dug for gold—the grave-yard, and Jenkins big dog!" and then the laugh became so general that the discomfited man of law made his exit unobserved. It being ascertained that he was gone, his character was the next subject of discussion, and Colonel Grimes's animosity was explained, by his allusion to Mr. Brown having unmercifully cheated him, in a business transaction—an account of which he gave in full—and added to his remarks, "that Squire Brown would get bit himself some day or nuthcr, for every body wasn't so good-natured and forgetable as he was."

"John Brown, Esq.," went to the Congregational Church, and was greatly

envied as he marched up the aisle, the next morning, with Mrs. Smithe leaning on his arm, the Misses Smithe following—Mr. Smithe and the little girl bringing her doll, still farther behind, and Mr. Smithe, Jun., in the rear. All eyes were levelled at them, all necks were stretched and heads turned. Some little delay was occasioned by Mrs. Smithe in her haste to perform the formula of devotion, 60 appropriately and beautifully prescribed in the ritual of the Episcopal r Church. She dropped on her knees so near the door that those following were obliged to wait the termination of her private supplication—a termination speedily effected by John Brown's efforts to raise her, supposing she had fainted. This delay gave sufficient time for the whole group to be scanned, criticised and admired by the lookers on. Even worthy Mr. Lovegood was long in arranging his hymn-book and bible satisfactorily that morning. The prayers, hymns and sermon might all have been omitted, for the "English family" was a text which had sufficient division naturally arising from the subject, to engross the attention of all. We never heard of any improvement made of the subject, except that of old aunt Betty Larkin's, who thought "it was as good as a sermon on Vanity to see all them rattle-traps and fol-de-rols the English folks wore."

Before the next Sabbath they were safely fixed in their own house, and had received the welcomes of most of their townsmen and townswomen personally. Mrs. Smithe was ascertained to be a very genteel lady—true, she was dressed in a calico short gown and maroon colored flannel petticoat, when Mrs. Burbanks called, but it must be English foil dress, for at the same time she had a velvet turban, trimmed with yellow lace upon her head—her little grey curls peeping out from its front and sides, greatly augmenting the effect of her blowsy face, and little inquisitive nose! The Miss Smithes' were pronounced "lovely" by the ladies, and "slick" by the men—social, pleasant girls they were, but models of would-be fine ladies—slouching and careless in their morning attire, with soiled caps covering multitudes of little imprisoned curls—in the afternoon be-ruffled and be-curved ready for visitors. Miss Harriet, the eldest, was sentimental and poetical—she went into raptures over the wild, mountainous scenery of Vermont, and in the

next breath spoke of her dear native land, and early friends. Miss Caroline was more desirous of pleasing, and if the truth must be told, had set her heart too firmly upon making a settlement in the new country to remember much of that of her Birth—she was the more agreeable of the two. Young Mr. Smithe was never seen, and might more often be found in the kitchen than parlor, still more often in the stable than either. The old gentleman was jolly and friendly as any one could desire, had a word for every body, patronised all the merchants and grocers—bought all the spare stock of the farmers without asking the prices until it was his—and all their extra corn and potatoes. From the old man to the little girl, whom Miss Prim extolled as a pattern of perfection, and asserted boldly that "she was the sweetest child—English hair did curl so lovely"—the English family were the fashion. The editor of the "Laurelville Green Mountain Banner" felicitated himself and his readers in a congratulatory paragraph upon the arrival of distinguished strangers from the Motherland—the merchants had British calicoes, and cottons, and Manchester and Birmingham sheetings and shirtings upon their counters. Mr. Lovegood preached a sermon apologising for the coming over of the Puritans, and the American struggle for liberty. School-master Jones delivered a lecture before the "young men's and women's lyceum," on England and her prospects. The shoe-maker, Mr. Pegg, advertised "English ties and buskins for ladies." Shaver, the barber, who eked out his income by appropriating one window of his little shop on the corner to the exhibition of confectionary, tapes, and black-ball for sale, went to the expense of a sheet of paste-board to make a special sign for "English walnuts." The Harmony Band learned to play "God save the King." The "Female Education Society" was changed in name and object—and was known as "the society for the amelioration of the condition of factory children in Great Britain." The English or rather Smithe mode of dress was adopted generally. Turkeys and chickens became "pheasants," and poultry yards "preserves." Hens went out of fashion in the right places, and were added where they did not belong—'ot 'am and heggs became a fashionable dish to speak of as it gave one an opportunity of practising the (h .') out. Under the Smithe dynasty, Holladay farm became Smithe Park—its stone walls and root fences were

demolished—the rows of maples were cut down, and little clumps of oak and elm substituted—the straight walk to the front door was made to wind and double itself—the little pond, where the cows had been watered for years, was converted into an ornamented lake, and called by Miss Harriet "Ulstan water"—the grinning knocker, which in the Holladay times had lost its fearful expression in its lustre, was taken down, and a bell pull substituted. What the Smithe's termed their "coat of arms" was placed over the front-door—a picture of two nondescript animals facing each other—some crooked lines and one straight one—it passed the comprehension of the inhabitants of Laurelville, nor was it made more clear by John Brown's kindly -but condescending explanation that it was "a couchant and a rampant." Within doors as many alterations had been made before the spring—English carpets, English chairs and tables, an English sofa, and the wonder of the inhabitants of Laurelville, an English piano, for the Miss Smithes' were musical, were its furniture—English prints, books, and some little china toys, were its ornaments. The beautiful month of May brought with it one more change—the hiring of a young man to preach (in the room, made vacant by the Baptists building a new church or barn), and to read prayers with a black silk gown and white bands on—this was effected by the united exertions of Mr. Smithe and John Brown's eloquence. The attraction proved sufficient to collect a comfortably large congregation—for the girls went to see the young and handsome minister, and the young men went to see the girls.

All these changes, we repeat, had not been made in a day, for the green leaves were on the trees, and the verdant grass was gay in its summer attire before they were completed. Laborers were plenty, and the spring planting being over, Mr. Smiths gave them an English fete—an ox was roasted, and beer and ale were briskly circulated. Popular with all classes, the glory of the Englishman was at its height. Mrs. Smithe was pronounced the most notable of house-keepers, and her butter and cheese became the country's talk—the young ladies went on their course entertaining with music and conversation all who would come and listen, and accepting all the civilities so abundantly

offered them. They promptly returned their calls—they visited and made themselves agreeable, talking of London and Birmingham—they walked and talked—they rambled and chatted—they rode horse-back, with Tartan shawls pinned about their waists, and falling in long but scanty drapery, and little nine-penny chuck hats on their heads. Their steeds—not fiery Arabs—but good ploughing horses, with considerable ability in walking, and excellent trot-terb, but knew no other gait—were dignified by the names of Bucephalus and Mazeppa. Not a swain but fell captive to English charms—but it was John Brown's fortune to be the favored one—he, upon whose educated heart, rosy cheeked, bright-eyed damsels had failed to make an impression, became the accepted of Miss Caroline Smithe—and as he inwardly thought, possessor of a handsome fortune—as she expressed it "their troth was plighted.". The charming Miss 'Arriet's 'heart was now the besieged citadel—she sentimentalised, flirted and played with all—but upon the consummation of her sister's felicity, smiled so sweetly upon Mr. Simpson, a widower of six months standing, with a fine family of children and a pleasant house, that it was supposed he would be the happy man. No! alas for him, for in her pitying and sympathising refusal of his offer, she more than intimated "that" her afflictions had long been placed upon a member of the royal family—it was a mutual attachment that though opposite and adverse circumstances had combined to separate them, she yet trusted to give her hand where she had bestowed her heart. The fair lady was not the less sought, after this intimation, for to be the husband of one who had been beloved by a duke, a lord, a prince, or perhaps by the king himself, was worthy of an effort.

August came, and with it a slight diminution of interest in the Smithe family. An announcement that board might be obtained there aroused Mrs. Thomas of "the Lion," and in her angry astonishment she gave utterance to the wish, "that if the Englishmen were going to mind their business they would pay them their dues." Colonel Grimes called for the settlement of a bill due to him, and not effecting his object, remarked that he guessed "Englishmen were just about as good now as they were when old Ethan

Allen whipped

them."As winter approached, Miss Harriet, on account of her loveliness, now that Mrs. Brown had left them, proposed opening a school for young Misses—Miss Prim immediately discovered that she liked English curls better than English manners—and intimated that she thought it would be "as well to pay for Amy's tuition as to take away her lawful rights"—rights she had maintained so many years. Notwithstanding these beginnings of murmur, the Smithes' had boarders, and Miss Harriet had scholars—the scholars soon left, they did not like English teaching—the boarders followed their example, they did not like English eating. Not long after this Mr. Smithe was seen about night-fall, staggering to his barn, and vainly endeavoring to feed his horses. A travelling lawyer came to Laurelville, his purpose to collect a debt due to a cabinet-maker in Troy, for English furniture—not being able to obtain money, he attached sufficient property to cover the debt. The homely truth that "bad news flies faster than good," was never more fully proved than in this case. Each of Mr. Smithe's creditors became anxious to secure their own claims—and with no lack of good feeling toward him, each came and took that which seemed right in | his own eyes. Crops were sold to pay for planting them—farmers came and took away their own sheep and cows—not to trouble the Englishmen, but to pay themselves. The master of the house quarrelled with no one—and no one personally molested him—indeed he was rarely to be seen sober, and seemed passively to receive all his misfortunes, seeking relief only in stupid, drunken forgetfulness.

The year came round. Smithe Park was still there, but how shorn of its glory! Doors creaking on rusty hinges, were blown by the wind to and fro, and gave forth that hollow sound which betokens empty barns and vacant stables. The house was closed and gloomy. The family—their English glory all departed—its head might always by day be seen cowering by the kitchen fire, his elbows supporting his head by resting on his knees—and his face covered with his hands—he seemed neither to know or care that his credit, his character, his reputation were all gone—that he himself was a drunkard.

What was now the prospect of that English family, who a year before had taken possession of the Holladay farm, and the good sense of the villagers? and who coming to Laurelville with little property, were first raised, more by the will of the people, than by their own pretension, to a height which made their fall, their ruin? They left their house as the spring relumed— he to be carried to his grave— she to go to her English friends in compliance with the urgent request of both Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, taking little Amy with her. James Smithe took apprentice bonds with Mr. Pegg, the shoemaker, who is now the 'andsome Miss 'Arriets 'uppy 'usband, and has ascertained that the former lover was an under-scullion in their Majesties royal house-hold, who, unfortunately for their union, was obliged to take a journey to one of the colonies -in the South Seas, where he is still rustivating.

The little church and congregation is scattered; Bucephalus and Mazeppa have passed into Mr. Thomas hands, and are found to answer to their former names of Tom and Bill quite as well as before their acquaintance with English society. The people of Laurelville are almost satisfied with what they have said of the Smithes, and have nearly ceased to scandalise them—and Mr. Simpson passed Mrs. Pcgg the other week, bowed politely to her, and when out of hearing, sung to a lively air—

"Sic a wife as Willie has,

I wad nac gic a button for her."



90.

THE YOUNG MEMBER.

By MRS. M. T. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cloudless summer night. A light breeze rustled the leaves, with a low musical sound that disposed the mind to dreamy reveries. The moon was high in heaven, sailing on through the undimmed ether, silvering hill, plain and tree top with her effulgence, and trailing a long line of light across the dark waters of the river that rippled at the feet of two individuals, who, yet in the first blush of youth and beauty, sat on a rude bench under a giant oak on the very verge of the pebbly shore. One was a lady who might have numbered eighteen summers, though she had the easy grace and assured air of a woman of twenty-five. Beautiful both in face and form, the sole child of a very wealthy man, and possessing a vivacity and intellect to which few of her sex could lay claim, Kate Eldrington had been early welcomed into society, so that, at an age when others were still at school, she was the favorite belle of the season. But with all her loveliness her character was radically defective. Flattered from her childhood up, and accustomed to have her every wish acceded to, she learned at length to act as if her own gratification was to be sought at the expense of everyone with whom she was thrown into contact, and became accordingly selfish and wilful as well as vain, thoughtless, envious and deceitful. But though such was the real character of Miss Eldrington, few, except the members of her family, were aware of it. Her queenly style of beauty, her finished manners, her exquisite tact in conversation, and the taste and art with which she dressed, rendered her the theme of continual admiration; and wherever she appeared, she was surrounded by admirers. Living thus in a constant atmosphere of flattery, and delighted with herself and all around her, she had little temptation to betray her bad qualities; and if, at rare intervals, she felt envious of any one, it just sufficed to add a double spice to her wit. Kate Eldrington was, therefore, a prize for which none felt themselves too lofly to strive.

The other individual was a young man who might have been two years older than Miss Eldrington, but it needed only a glance to reveal that in manners and feelings he was still a boy, though a high-souled, and romantic one. Edward Howell was also an only child, but unlike Kate, he had been left an orphan in infancy. His father had died enormously rich, and the whole of his vast fortune having accumulated for nearly twenty years was now grown to an almost incredible size, rendering the son one of the wealthiest millionaires in the country. But the young heir was not more gifted by fortune, than endowed in mind. Hitherto nothing had occurred fully to arouse his slumbering intellect; but in the vague dreams that visited his boyhood, in the wild aspirations that haunted his later youth, in a thousand wildering fancies and emotions that crossed him daily, he experienced the stirrings of the unborn but living genius within him. Howell had never yet written a line, but he had thought a world of poetry. Often would he go out in the calm moonlight, and sit for hours gazing on the placid landscape before him, lost in a reverie too deep for words; and often would he launch his boat amid the surf, when the lowering clouds portended a storm, experiencing a strange joy in battling with the tempest. He knew it not; but it was the soul within him, that now led him to be an idle dreamer, and now impelled him to brave the ocean hurricane; and every one who has felt the cravings of an unsatisfied intellect within, has acted as Howell did, though like him they may often have been unconscious why they longed, now for quiet, and now for excitement, but ever for novelty. Genius is like the troubled ocean : it can never find rest.

From the first moment that Howell saw Kate Eldrington he loved her; for a character like hers was the very one to captivate his romantic mind. He loved with all the ardor of youth—with all the intensity of a first affection—with all the passionate earnestness of his thoroughly poetic nature. Nor did Kate repel his attentions. To win the heart of one so rich and gifted as Howell, was a triumph even for her. Perhaps her heart was incapable of truly loving any object besides herself; but the poetry which Howell breathed in every compliment he paid her at least dazzled her fancy, while the eclat of

possessing the rich young heir for a lover, captivated her vanity. Still she was in no haste to receive a proposal, and surrender her train of admirers ♦ but was, on the contrary, very willing to await Howell's majority, when his fortune would come into his possession. She found it not difficult to manage as she wished. The very poetic nature of Howell had led him to avoid society—whose cant, shallowness, and hollow heartedness he could not help despising—and he was consequently a mere child in the hands of so practised a coquette as Kate. But, on this evening, she had imprudently consented to accompany Howell alone on a walk, and he had led her to this romantic spot on the river side. Kate soon found that her arts would not avail her here. The scenery around, the mystic moonlight, and the poetry that Howell breathed in every word insensibly influenced even her heart, and she found herself almost before she was aware of it gliding into a strain of sentiment. Then she would have checked herself, but it was too late. Howell had now obtained the mastery, and in burning language he poured forth his passion; while Kate, no longer the imperious beauty, actually listened with a beating heart to his eloquent appeal, and when he had finished sank weeping on his bosom.

"God bless you, dear, dear Miss Eldrington—or let me henceforth call you Kate, my own sweet Kate. Again—God in heaven bless you for thus assuring me of your priceless love."

Kate was now completely subdued; and still hiding her head in her lover's bosom, she murmured a reply, which induced Howell to clasp her to him in even greater transport, while tears of unutterable joy gushed from his eyes. And for the remainder of that evening it seemed as if Kate had caught a portion of her lover's passionate and poetic soul, while she replied to his fond endearments in words equally full of love.

CHAPTER II.

A week had passed when, in a luxurious apartment, where Persian carpets,

damask curtains, and other magnificent furniture attested the wealth of the owner, but Kate Eldrington, and her distant and dependant relative Edith Bellanger. A greater contrast could not have existed than that between the two cousins. Kate was tall and queenly, with thick glossy tresses of black, eyes that vied with the ebon darkness of midnight, and a countenance and port which reminded the spectator of a Juno. Edith Bellanger, on the contrary, was rather petite, though her figure was exquisite, and she moved with the grace and airiness of a dryad. Her eyes were of a deep blue, soft and melting as the azure of a twilight sky. Her hair was golden and fell in laughing tresses on either side her face. No one had ever seen Edith's fair countenance distorted with passion, though her amiability was by no means the placid repose of a phlegmatic constitution. Beneath her usually quiet and retiring manner she had a mind of no ordinary power, and a bosom keenly sensitive to all the holier emotions of the soul. Had Edith been rich like her cousin she would have won nearly as much admiration, though of a different character; but now, known as a dependant on her cousin's bounty, and feeling that shrinking modesty which always, in circumstances like hers, attends a sensitive mind, she almost wholly avoided society. Kate felt no disposition to alter her cousin's determination, and was very well content that Edith should play the part of a humble dependant rather than that of a rival.

Edward Howell was, therefore, one of the few gentlemen of Kate's acquaintance, to whom Edith had become even casually known. His enthusiastic and romantic character had ever been her admiration, and though she rarely exchanged a word with him, she delighted to sit unnoticed by and hear his conversation with Kate. Sometimes when Howell chanced to detect how eagerly she listened to him, a burning blush would shoot over her face; and if, at any time during the remainder of the evening, he addressed but a single word to her, she would be almost too embarrassed to reply. And then she would retire to think over all he had said, and how he had looked when speaking to her; and perhaps she would dream sweet dreams, from which she awoke with a sigh. Alas! poor Edith, ignorant of love

and all its various disguises, she little deemed that she had unconsciously given her heart's dearest affections to Howell.

A week, we say, had passed since the moonlight tete- a-tete between Kate and her lover; but it had been a week of changes. In that little week the whole vast estate of Howell had been swept away by the combined villainy of his guardians, and of the officers of the bank in whose stock his fortune had been invested. The young heir was now a penniless orphan.

"And you do not intend to see Mr. Howell at all" said Edith, as if continuing a conversation with her cousin, "oh! Kate," and her voice quivered with emotion, "how can you treat him so!"

"How can I, child?" said the proud beauty, with a toss of the head, "why, easily! The infatuated boy cannot dream that now, when he is not worth a dollar, he can aspire to my hand. Perhaps I did very foolishly make him a sort of promise one evening last week, but really he was so romantic and sentimental and all that, that I could not, for the sport of it, refuse him then. For my part," and she laughed merrily, "I hold that words said at moonlight, by a river's side, to a poetic youth just from college, are nothing more than the mere sweetmeats one trifles with—the spice of a harmless flirtation."

"Their disavowal may torture a noble heart," retorted Edith with feeling, "oh! shame, Kate, that you should be so selfish and unjust to your better nature."

"Indeed, Miss" said her cousin, while her cheek grew red with anger, "and who asked you for a homily?"

"I declare I believe you have fallen in love yourself with this crack-brained boy," and, as she spoke, noticing that Edith blushed to the very brow, she continued sneeringly, "you may take him and welcome—he will not be the first of my cast-a-ways you have worn."

At this unfeeling speech—unfeeling both as coming from a woman and in view of Edith's dependant condition—the poor girl turned deadly pale, then burst into tears, and rising from her seat rushed hastily from the room. As she reached the hall she met Howell, who, entering unobserved, and finding no footman to announce or rather to forbid his ingress, had been on the point of opening the door when he heard Kate's voice. The mention of his own name induced him to pause, and shame and indignation had kept him, as it were, spellbound, until Edith rushed out. At sight of him the poor girl felt as if she would have sunk through the floor, but, rallying her fainting energies, she sprang past him. Howell's delicacy forbade him to arrest her progress, but he could not avoid saying, in a voice tremulous with emotion,

"God bless you, Miss Bellanger! I can bid you, at least, farewell!"

When Howell rushed into the street his tumult of passion threatened, for a few moments, to deprive him of reason. Love for his heartless mistress contending with indignation at her faithlessness produced a tempest within his bosom which choked his utterance, and rendered him insensible as to whither he was going. His first return to consciousness was on finding himself in his own room with the door locked and double locked behind him. For hours he walked the floor in a state of mind approaching to phrenzy. At length pride attained the mastery.

"Oh! the vile Circe—the double-dyed deceiver," he exclaimed passionately, "to think that, but one short week ago, she reclined on my shoulder and whispered assent to all my ardent protestations of affection—ay! that her lips were yielded unresisting to my kisses, that her hand faintly returned the pressure of my own. God of heaven and can this woman now sneer at me as a beggar and a boy? A boy—yes! that was the word, and I feel it is too true a charge, for what have I done in the twenty long years of my life? Nothing absolutely nothing. I have been a drone and a dreamer— but that time is past. A penniless orphan, I must carve out my own fortune, and I feel

here,"and he struck his forehead energetically, "that which shall make or mar me. She despises me, does she? because I am a boy—then here I swear, henceforth from this hour, to devote myself day and night to study—to give every energy to the pursuit of glory. And when I have won renown,"and a proud joy lit up his classic face, "when I have won renown, then shall come my revenge!"

That very night saw Howell begin the fulfilment of his vow. It was soon noised through the circles he had once frequented that Kate Eldrington had received a proposal from him which she had rejected, and that immediately afterward his bankruptcy had been made public. The majority said that he already knew his poverty when he asked Miss Eldrington's hand, and that she had made a lucky escape from the wiles of a designing fortune-hunter; and it was only a few, who, noticing the exultation with which Kate heard this rumor narrated in her presence, suspected the truth, and even gave her credit for originating the false report. The rumor further said that Howell had left the city, and gone no one knew whither. A few only of his old friends were aware that he had commenced the study of the law on the scanty pittance which had been saved from the wreck of his fortune.

A second rumor also found its way into the great world. It was said that Miss Eldrington finding it impossible longer to endure the increasing presumption of her dependant cousin, had been restrained only by pity from turning her off, when a distant relative happening to die and leave Edith a few thousand dollars, Kate had at once spoken her mind. The truth was that Miss Bellanger, after the unfeeling remark of her cousin, had resolved to leave Mr. Eldrington's, and was already, though much against his wishes, seeking the place of a governess, when an uncle of her mother died and left her a competent, though not large estate. She instantly left for her new possessions, leaving behind her regret in every heart but that of Kate, who, with the malignity of the injurer, entertained feelings of the bitterest hatred for her cousin.

CHAPTER III.

Alohe, in his chamber, sat the midnight student The apartment was comfortably but not richly furnished. The most prominent article in the room was a book-case which stood in a solid mass of shadow in one corner. A tall, shaded lamp, flinging its glare only across that portion of the chamber where sat the student, and mingling its light with the pale moonbeams that struggled in at the window, enabled him to pursue his laborious task; for he sat before a desk at which he had been writing. There was a deep, awful quiet in the apartment at that hour, and as the student at his solitary vigils, surrounded by his papers and the huge folios which he ever and anon consulted, he would have reminded the spectator of those mighty sages of old who watched, long after the stars had set, at their lonely studies, imbibing knowledge with which to rule the destinies of worlds. Never indeed did Howell—for he was the student—wear a more lofty air than now, when engaged in his midnight labor. As the clock chimed the hour of twelve, he finished a glowing sentence, and leaning back in his chair, with that triumph which none but an author feels, carelessly pushed back the thick hair from his broad, ample brow. At that moment there was something almost godlike in his looks. The proud flashing eye—the free gesture of the hand—and the firmly compressed lip told that the mind within was revelling in the full consciousness of its powers; and that Edward Howell felt, at that moment, the wild, deep, seductive excitement of a master intellect triumphing in its divinity.

Again he bent to his task. He was writing a work which was to determine his reputation. Political excitement, at that period, ran unusually high, and the two mighty parties which then divided the country were engaged in their last, deadly struggle for the mastery. All the talent of the nation was enlisted on either side, and pamphlets daily poured from the press. Into this troubled vortex Edward Howell had fearlessly plunged. He was young indeed; but with a fine education, no common talents, and the desire to win renown and be avenged on his false mistress, he leaped into the contest as fearlessly as

Curtius of old sprang into the abyss which threatened to engulf Rome.

"I will try" said he mentally, "if I fail—well. If I win—why then for glory and revenge!"and he sat down to his work.

It was long past midnight. The deserted streets without were silent; for the hush of death hung on the mighty city, yet that solitary student still sat at his lonely task. His lamp burned dimmer, but he saw it not. The pale moonlight coldly crossed his brow, but he felt, he recked it not. His whole soul was wrapt in the work before him. As he proceeded, his brow knit, and his dark eye shot fire with the excitement of his theme. He took down a volume of Burke and turned hastily over its pages. Long and deeply he pondered on the philosophy of that greatest of political sages, and when he closed the volume, and returned it to his library- his dark eye dilated with the consciousness of triumph, and thrusting his papers into his port-folio he folded his arms and strode proudly up and down his room. He was fevered with the excitement of long composition. His brain seemed beating madly in his forehead, and yet the tempest of his feelings, wild, deep, and rushing as they were, he would not have given up for worlds. Oh! there is nothing like a student's life. Pain and sorrow and unrequited toil may indeed be his lot—he may watch at his lonely vigils when all mankind is at rest—he may struggle amid poverty and sickness for a scanty livelihood; but there are moments of intellectual triumph which amply repay him for all he has suffered, by firing him with the consciousness of a more exalted existence than belongs to others, and stirring to its lowest depths the divinity within him. Oh! there are minutes in a student's life which are worth an eternity of toil. And one of these minutes had now come for Howell.

"This is glorious,"he said, pausing at the window, with folded arms, "I feel now that my revenge is certain —my destiny about to be fulfilled. My day is coming fast, false Kate,"he continued, as if apostrophizing her, "and you, who affected to despise the needy, bankrupt suitor will hear men talk of him as the triumphant orator. Ah! it seems but yesterday, instead of four long

years, since you sneeringly called me a boy—am I a boy now? They tell me that you have married a wealthy southerner, a haughty, purse-proud man. Are you happy? I credit it not. There was that in your eyes—in every tone of your voice, that moonlit night by the river side, which assures me that you loved me then as much as your nature was capable of loving. You affected to despise me afterward—and your train of fawning worshippers echoed your pretended contempt—well, I can I care it like a man. The despised Howell has—thank God!—some of his forefathers pride in him—and by his halidome! he will carve out a station for himself to which these cringing hounds never dared to lift their eyes. I feel the victory at hand!"and he strode proudly to and fro under the uncontrollable excitement of the moment. What stirs a proud man more than the insults of inferiors!

At length he paused and threw up the window that the cool night air might fan his fevered brow. Calmly and sweetly the moon was flooding that solitary city with her silvery light, dimming with her unclouded brilliancy the stars that gemmed the azure canopy of heaven. Not a sound broke on the air. The angel of peace and purity seemed hovering over the scene. The student gazed long on the quiet prospect; and as he gazed his feelings grew calmer, and he mused with himself.

"What crime and innocence,"he said, "what hope and despair, what poverty, sickness and death throng in this mighty but now sleeping city! How many wretched beings lie on their fevered beds—how many famished families look to the sickly artizan for bread—how many widowed mothers are even now toiling at the morning lamp to earn a scanty subsistence for their starving little ones. Oh God! who can tell the misery that lies hidden in the lanes and courts, ay ! and in the palaces of this mighty town—and yet yon calm moon sails placidly on, as if all was joy, and health and long life beneath!"

As the student mused thus a calmer mood came over him. Gradually the lofty fire faded from his eye—his brow settled into its usual placid

expression—and the storm of passion died away in his breast. Closing the window he sought his couch with a melancholy smile. And thus night after night he toiled. But the end was nigh!

(to be concluded.)



95.

WHAT IS DUTY.

By ELLEN ASHTON.

"Mother, do not ask me," sobbed a weeping girl, clasping her hands and looking up into her parent's face. "Oh ! could you know my heart you would see that I am not disobedient. But I cannot love Mr. Bartlett— indeed, indeed I cannot. Death would be more preferable to me than such a union."

"Really, Miss" said the step-mother, "these are fine times when a daughter thus sets at defiance the wishes of a parent. I will not, however, submit to such disobedience. I command you now to prepare for your marriage with Mr. Bartlett," and with these words she turned to leave the room. But her daughter clung to her robe.

"Oh! mother, dear mother," she said, "retract those dreadful words. Never have I disobeyed any command of yours, but this I cannot obey. If my heart was my own, I might school it perhaps to love even Mr. Bartlett; but I love another, and cannot follow your command."

"What!" exclaimed the step-mother, turning on her daughter like an angry

tiger, "you dare to love another—to love without my consent! and though her passion choked her words, she still glared on the trembling and supplicating girl at her feet, shaking her hand at her as if she would strike her. This then is the reason you will not have Mr. Bartlett. This is why you refuse wealth and station. Oh! I have found you out, have I? And who pray may be this fellow?—some wandering music teacher, I suppose, whom you have met at boarding-school, for no one but proper persons have I suffered you to associate with since your return."

"It is no wandering music teacher, no improper person" said Mary, with sudden spirit, "but one whose fair name is as unsullied as that of the best and brightest in the land. Nor is he wholly unknown to you. It is with Henry Alford I have plighted my troth," and as the daughter thus spoke, her eye kindled, her form became erect with conscious pride, and there was a sudden firmness in her tone that contrasted finely with her late supplicating demeanor. For an instant the step-mother was overawed by this transformation. But she soon recovered from her surprise.

"Hoity toity, Miss," she exclaimed, "a pretty pass things have come to, when daughters talk this way to their mothers. Henry Alford indeed!—a poor, starving, unknown physician, who, I dare say cheats his landlady and washerwoman out of their hills, and who is never heard of in good society! We'll see whether you'll plight your troth to him, a beggardly fortune-hunter, who, if he could get your money wouldn't care how soon he saw you in your grave."

"He is no fortune-hunter," indignantly replied Mary, "and for his family, it is as good as our own. If he sought what you call good society, its doors would be thrown wide open to him. If he is poor, is that a crime? I have enough for both," and then changing her tone, and bursting again into tears, for her overwrought feelings would be no longer controlled, she continued, "Oh! dear mother, forgive me if I talk thus, for Henry Alford is the noblest of men, and your own heart will assure you that you wrong him. I learned to love

him years since, when we were both children, and he was yet a ward of my father. I intended to have told you all long ago, but—but you favored Mr. Bartlett so much that I delayed it from day to day. If you will not consent to my union with Henry," she continued, speaking so rapidly and eagerly that her mother could not interrupt her, "at least do not force me to marry Mr. Bartlett. I can never love any one but Henry, yet I will promise not to marry him without your consent—only do not compel me to give my hand where I cannot bestow my heart."

"I have heard quite enough" said the mother, speaking in those tones of forced calmness which extreme anger affects, "and now go to your room. We will see who is to conquer. Go, I say."

Mary did not reply, but silently left the room, though the hot tears rolled down her cheeks, and her tottering steps could scarcely support her, for well she knew by those calm tones, and by the ominous eye of her parent that her fate was decreed, and that her mother was inexorable.

While this conversation was going on in the luxurious mansion of Mrs. Swanson, two persons sat in a sparely but yet decently furnished physicians office, in one of the principal streets of the city. The youngest speaker was one whose ample forehead and intelligent eye bespoke him possessed of more than ordinary intellect. He was on the point of speaking.

"In this emergency, Penrose, I look to you for counsel. You know Mary—you know also how deeply I love her, and that the dear girl has promised to be mine. But I fear we will never win the mother's consent—and Mary will never marry without it. I know that Mrs. Swanson has fixed her heart on a union between this Mr. Bartlett and her daughter, and that everything that can, will be done to bring about the marriage. But I know the sweet girl on this point will be firm, though her mother's entreaties should change to persecution. Mrs. Swanson, however,—for I know her character— will say when she learns all that I am a fortune-hunter, and nothing more will be

necessary to prove the charge, in the eyes of most persons, than the mere fact that I am poor and Mary is rich. My only heritage is a good name, and shall I sacrifice it, even though innocent?"

"I scarcely know what to advise," replied Penrose, "for though we ought to pay some deference to the world's opinion, yet I should never hesitate to act whenever I thought I was right. Perhaps, in your situation,

I would await the turn of events. In Mary's circumstances I would disregard a step-mother's commands without a minute's delay; for though, as a general rule, we are bound to obey our parent's, yet, in the matter of marriage, where the happiness of our whole life depends on our choice, we ought to exercise, in a measure, our own will, and if we have given our love to a worthy object, and the opposition of our parents is factious and tyrannical, we ought to follow our own judgment and not theirs. It is true young persons are very apt to bestow their affections on unworthy objects, and to imagine that their parents oppose their love unreasonably, and we should, therefore, be very cautious in marrying against the wishes of natural advisers. % But in your case there can be no doubt. I am older than you and married. I may advise you, therefore, with the more freedom. But you come of a proud spirited race, and I predict that since Mrs. Swanson has called you a fortune-hunter, you will not marry Mary, when, if she were poor, and could be brought to elope, you would wed her tomorrow."

"That, Mary, will never do; and though no doubt you are right in all you have said, yet I would rather my wife should obey than disobey her parent, even when that parent's injustice and tyranny is clear."

"And I honor you for it. I should not, under the circumstances, blame Mary if she was to elope, but I love her the more for her refusal," and with these words the conversation closed.

Time passed. Now that Mrs. Swanson had learned that Henry Alford was her

daughter's lover, all interviews between them were rendered impossible by her Argus eyes. Mary was closely confined to the house, and allowed to see no one unless in the presence of her mother. The persecutions to which the poor girl was now subjected, would have subdued many a weaker heart, but Mary, though yielding in little things, had a latent firmness which greater emergencies called forth; and she rose superior to all the taunts and vexations to which she was subjected, for the consciousness of rectitude cheered her amid all. Her constancy was the more self-sustained because she had not heard from her lover for weeks, and because there was no female friend on whom she could lean in her distress; but left alone and unaided, she could only think of Henry, and resolve to suffer all for his sake. It may seem strange that Mrs. Swanson should possess such power to tyrannize over her step-daughter, but Mary's now deceased father had married his second wife late in life, and the bride, thus brought into his household, had soon managed to obtain such control over him, that when he died he left her a large portion of his fortune, and the unlimited guardianship of his child. Perhaps, if her step-mother had not been thus specially invested with her father's authority, Mary would have paused ere she promised not to marry without her consent; but now she felt called on, as it were, by a voice from the tomb, to obey her mother's commands to that extent, though she could not make herself unhappy for life by marrying Mr. Bartlett.

Many were the attempts made by Henry Alford to obtain an interview with Mary, or even to convey to her a letter, but in every instance without success. At length, conscious that Mary would never marry without Mrs. Swanson's consent, and unable longer to endure the misery of being so near and yet not beholding her, Henry left the city for the far west, determined there to accumulate a fortune, and return and claim Mary's hand. With this resolution, he found, at length, means to acquaint her, and received in return assurances of her fidelity.

Years elapsed. Henry Alford was now a distinguished man, and rapidly

acquiring wealth, when one day he was called to a neighboring village inn, to see a sick lady. What was his surprise, on entering the room, to recognize Mrs. Swanson, now pale and emaciated and evidently dying. The room in which she lay— a scantily furnished garret—betokened that a change had befallen her worldly circumstances. Henry's heart fluttered, and he glanced his eye around the room, in search of a well known form. Mrs. Swanson was equally surprised with himself. She was, however, the first to speak, and it was in a humble and penitent tone.

"God be praised for this unexpected meeting," she said, raising her eyes to heaven, "for I can now repair a grievous wrong ere I die. Your eyes tell me that you seek my daughter. She is here," the sufferer exclaimed, as Mary entered the room. "God bless you both, my children, and forgive me for the evil I intended you."

We will not attempt to describe the meeting of the loving separated lovers. A few words of explanation will close our narrative. Mary had remained firm to her troth under every persecution, and, at length, Mr. Bartlett withdrew in despair, though it was said that the loss of all Mrs. Swanson's fortune and that of her daughter, which about this time occurred, had no little influence on his determination. Misfortune softened the mother's heart, and she repented of ail the wrong she had done Mary, and would willingly have bestowed her on Henry. But, in pursuance of his resolution, he had kept his residence a secret, even from Mary, intending only to reveal it when he could claim her as his bride. At length increasing poverty forced Mrs. Swanson with her daughter to seek a refuge in the far west, and we have seen how opportunely they met with Henry. We have only to add that she saw the lovers united at her bedside ere she died, which event took place in a short week after her journey had been stopped by her illness.

"Was I not right?" said the young bride to her husband, "for now we have no reproaches to make to ourselves for a want of duty."

"Yes!" said he, fondly kissing her.

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